

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Inc. 55 to 57 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 55 Park Row.
J. ANTHONY HILL, Treasurer, 55 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 55 Park Row.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
Subscription Rates to The Evening World for the United States and Canada:
One Year \$1.00 One Month \$0.10
One Year \$1.00 One Month \$0.10
VOLUME 56. NO. 19,541

CAN THEY FORGET THE CAUSE?

TERRACE GARDEN went bankrupt, declares its proprietor, because, being a distinctly German establishment, many of its American patrons have withdrawn their custom.
A generation has known this great restaurant, concert hall and social resort on the upper east side as one of the most popular, largely frequented places in the city. Germans, Americans, American-Germans met there for years in harmony and good-fellowship. Receptions and balls innumerable were held in its big halls. Languages and nationalities mingled in perfect accord.

But in recent months not only native-born Americans but many good United States citizens of German birth have found the restaurant's pro-German atmosphere insupportable. Its old friends deserted it. It could no longer pay its way.

Does the case of Terrace Garden stand alone?

What a pity that German industry and German thrift in this country must suffer for the crimes and blunders of the German Government overseas. That Government, when it saw we could never be persuaded to forget Belgium, would have bought, tricked or forced a way to command our co-operation in its plans. But its methods, revealed, aroused our amazement and indignation. Its efforts recoiled against itself and its agents.

How can Germans in this country fail bitterly to resent the wrong the Imperial Government has done them and their interests in casting doubt upon German honor and good faith?

"An Ambassador," declared Sir Henry Wotton in the seventeenth century, "is an honest man sent abroad to lie for the commonwealth."
With retouching 'twill serve.

SIX-CENT TROLLEY FARES.

ASIX-CENT trolley fare is something we supposed the boldest street railway corporation would stop short of asking. Yet here is the Bay State Street Railway Company, which operates trolley lines in Eastern Massachusetts, petitioning the Public Service Commission of that district to increase fares on all lines from five to six cents. The most the company is willing to concede is a nine ride ticket for fifty cents in sections where travel is heaviest.

The nickel trolley fare is too well established to meddle with—save further west, where they occasionally scale it down to three cents. A serious effort to collect six cents for a trolley ride betokens extraordinary or desperate courage on the part of this grasping Massachusetts corporation. Maybe some of its officers have been to New York recently and noted with envy the surface car lines in this city swell profits by packing "standees" between the cross seats of the old-fashioned type of open car.

This indecent and barbarous practice would never be permitted on street cars in and about Boston. Bostonians may be now and again mulcted by public service corporations, but they are not like New Yorkers, who, when they travel on city railway lines, pay human rates to be carried like cattle.

The editor of the Evening Journal boasts that he gets more salary than the President of the United States, and more than any other evening paper pays its entire staff of editors. But he has to endure the unspeakable degradation of earning it!

A PLACE OF PEACE AND LOVELINESS.

THE most pacific gathering in sight is the convention of botanists who have assembled this week to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the New York Botanical Garden.

Besides inspecting the collections in the Bronx and listening to reports of exploring expeditions in many lands, the eminent plant and flower experts will visit the dunes and marshes of Staten Island, the pine barrens of New Jersey and the great cedar swamp which lies near Merriek, L. I.

This is a good time of year for such excursions. Nor does one have to be a botanist to enjoy them. Most of us, however, need to be reminded from time to time how much we can see that is worth seeing within and along the edges of the city.

The two hundred and fifty acres with which the Botanical Garden started in 1895, together with the one hundred and forty additional acres which the city recently added, offer as fine a variety of flowers and trees, walks and vistas as any metropolis can show within its limits. We recommend it especially just now to all who would rest their souls from the current contrarities of the world.

The Czar has taken command of all the Russian armies. Congratulations appear to be mostly for the Czar.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

When a man prefaces his statement with something like this, "Take it from me, this is the gospel truth," it is about 100 to 1 that it is nothing of the kind.—Columbian States.

A man who needs few excuses for celebrating often has to make a good many for doing it.—Norfolk-Leader Dispatch.

An idle rumor and a woman's secret get about with pretty nearly equal speed.—Albany Journal.

The trouble with some people is that they continually try to get even with some one instead of attempting to get ahead.

When a man ventures into a losing proposition there is always some one kind enough to compliment him on his nerve.—Nashville Banner.

A man with a past isn't half as acceptable to a girl as a man with a present.—Pittsburgh Press.

Letters From the People

"Equal Pay for Equal Work."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Referring to the slogan, "Equal Pay for Equal Work," it seems to me to be a misleading phrase. In its place should be used the fair and just phrase of "The Same Compensation for the Same Service." For the latter, the public (from whom all salaries and wages are derived) is perfectly willing to pay an equal sum; whether the service be rendered by woman, man or minor. Those, however, who use the phrase are liable to blind us into thinking that inability or indifference in rendering adequate service must be paid for as highly as ability and faithfulness.
ALLEN W. S.

Slippery!



By J. H. Cassel

Editorials by Women

THE NEW EQUALITY LAW FOR FLIRTS.

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

WITHIN the week the new law for flirts, contained in Subdivision 4, Section 887 of the Penal Statutes, has become effective.

At last the nasher on the corner is classed as a vagrant and may be arrested for flirting, regardless of his "earning" capacity.

Formerly, women who frequented public places could be arrested on the grounds of vagrancy, and for no seeming lawful means of support.

Now HIS earning capacity matters not. If he is a vagrant he can be classed as such and sentenced for six months to the workhouse.

His sensible provisions are well explained by District Attorney Perkins, who says:

"If a man is walking up Broadway at the rate of three miles an hour and suddenly reduces his pace to one mile because he sees some face that strikes his fancy, he is liable to arrest. It is a law that gives great powers to those who desire to improve the moral tone of the community.

"Magistrates must sentence all offenders to the workhouse when they are convicted. This will hold good with men whose incomes may be \$1,000 a week as well as those who have no money."

Equality of sexes at least on the streets is at last recognized by statute.

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

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NO. 49.—THE BEWITCHED SHIP; by W. Clark Russell.

THE Ocean King had once been a palatial liner, plying between England and India, carrying gallant officers, beautiful women and jewel-adorned nabobs. But steam was replacing sail, and at last the ancient windjammer was degraded to the job of collier.

Her channels had been changed to plates with dead-eyes above the rail and the lower rigging's spread was curtailed. The masts had been reduced and her yards shortened; and she now carried stumps fore and mizzen-topgallantmasts. The former liner was a tub.

A gruesome story still clung to the Ocean King—the story of an Italian seaman who had long ago been murdered in the forecabin and whose ghost was supposed to haunt the shrouds and the hold and to whisper ghostly warnings to the crew.

When the Ocean King sailed on her first voyage as a collier the officers did all they could to keep her new crew from hearing of this, but the story was brought aboard by the carpenter, who had picked it up from an old waterside gossip. And at once it spread through the forecabin.

Sailors are superstitious, but they are not easily scared by mere hearsay. And as time went on and no one saw or heard the ghost, the men talked less about it.

Then, one day, two of the youngest members of the crew—Jim and Dick—were sent aloft by Green, the second mate, to clean up and furl the main royal. Before the task was half completed they

stood to the deck and stood trembling and staring at the mainmast.

"There's a voice up there!" cried Jim.

"You're right, mother wants you!"

The mate thought it was a trick, but they swore it was true. And, swiftly, from bow to stern the news was spread that the ghost was aboard and up to its old game. The crew waxed nervous, almost demoralized.

Next day the cook went three times to the skipper, declaring each time that the latter had called him. The captain denied that he had called and again the ghost got the credit.

One night there was a terrible commotion forward. Green ran to find out the reason. A half dozen white-faced men vowed they had just heard a voice from the depths of the hold moaning:

"It's a terrible thing to be a ghost and not be able to get out!"

The second mate summoned the captain. They agreed there must be a stowaway in the hold and that he had gone mad. The hatch was lifted, and every one heard the same faint voice muttering:

"There's no use looking, you'll never find me. I'm not to be seen."

The captain glared about him to see if any of the shuddering men were daring to have a joke at his expense. And again came the voice, from another direction this time:

"You couldn't catch me because you couldn't see me!"

After this not even the officers tried to deny that there was a ghost on the Ocean King. And daily the terror waxed stronger.

Another night, some time afterward, during Green's watch, the second mate was called forward to listen to a voice that seemed to come from the water beneath the bowsprit.

"Which ever side we look, he's on the other," chattered young Dick to the mate. "Listen, sir!"

"I'm here," said a thin, faint voice from the side opposite that where the mate stood.

"If it ain't old Nick," spluttered Sam, a foremast hand, "I—"

"You're a liar, Sam," whispered the voice.

Green wheeled suddenly and seized Dick, who stood close beside him. Walking the boy out of earshot of the others, the mate said fiercely:

"So you're the ghost! To keep your secret you should have given my elbow a wider berth. Own the truth and I'll give you a secret, provided you betray all further tricks. Admit that you're the ghost, and I'll speak to the captain and set the men on you."

"It's true," confessed the frightened ventriloquist. "I'm the Voice, sir. But for heaven's sake keep the secret. The men would have my life."

Green kept the secret. And never again did the Ocean King's ghost disturb anybody.

Wit, Wisdom and Philosophy

By Famous Authors

ON LOVE—By Francis Bacon.

THE stage is more beholden to love than the life of man. For as to the stage love is ever a matter of comedies and now and then of tragedies, but in life it doth much, sometimes like a siren, sometimes like a fury. You may observe that among all the great and worthy persons whereof the memory remaineth, either ancient or recent, there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love, which shows that great spirits do keep out of this weak passion. You must except, nevertheless, Marcus Antonius, the half partner of the Empire of Rome, and Appian Claudius, the Decemvir and lawyer.

It is a strange thing to note the excess of this passion and how it braves the nature and value of things by this that the speaking in a perpetual hyperbole is comely in nothing but love.

For there was never proud man thought so absurdly well of himself as the lover doth of the person loved, and therefore it was well said that it is impossible to love and to be wise. Neither doth this weakness appear to others and not to the party loved, but to the loved most of all, except the

Love and Baseball Now Enliven

The Jarrs' Peaceful Harlem Home

do any one favors. Talk about the Golden Rule—the real Golden Rule is "Don't do any favors for anybody and then nobody will do any favors for you!"

"But we expect people to do favors for us," said Mr. Jarr.

"I know we do," replied Mrs. Jarr.

"But the favors people do us are generally favors that cost them nothing and only put us under obligations to do favors for them that cost us a lot. So you mind your own affairs and let Gertrude mind hers. Mr. Magee suits her, and he seems to be everything he should be!"

But that evening Mrs. Jarr confided to Mr. Jarr when he came home that he had been right in all his surmises regarding Gertrude's latest admirer.

"The poor girl came home, crying, this afternoon. That creature, that ruffian baseball outcast, is a wretch!" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr. "I shudder when I think of him!"

"Aha!" cried Mr. Jarr. "So Gertrude found out he was a booby and a loafer!"

"Worse than that!" said Mrs. Jarr.

How to Make a Hit.

By Alma Woodward.

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Pressing Your Husband's Clothes.

There are only two conditions that lead to a man's clothes, and that is to press his clothes. Either he loves her so that he can't bear to refuse her anything, or he's a tightwad, a man with wife-prowess, who is a slave to a creature whose bid he follows. The latter is the worst, and the former is the best. To whom one life has lost.

FIRST—In the morning eye your husband critically and say: "Edward, that suit needs pressing. Don't forget to remind me about it when you come home to-night. And while I'm at it I may as well do the others, too. There's no reason on earth why we should pay a tailor fifty-five cents apiece for pressing them, is there? Such a simple thing. A child could do it! All you have to do is have your iron hot and a damp rag. Huh, some people certainly make their money easy!"

2. Put the irons on, fix the ironing board and start to look for a rag to dampen. After ten minutes' search go into the living room and wall: "I declare I don't know what that maid does with things! We certainly had a lot of old sheets and pillow cases, and your underwear that I told her she could use, and I can't find a single clean thing. Well, I'll have to use the best one I can find."

3. As soon as everything's all fixed, call in: "Oh, Edward, dear, I know how to do the trousers all right, but I always forget about the sleeves of the coat. Do you fold them exactly on the underarm seam or in the middle? It's easy to do the vest, isn't it? I wish the coat was as easy as the vest. No, you don't smell anything burning. I haven't even started yet."

4. A little later: "Edward, it's a shame the way you abuse your clothes, dear. You bar the pockets all out carrying those old packs of cigarettes. Why can't you use a case like other men? It's much slicker. You don't have to spend a lot of money for one—they come with coupons. I'm afraid you'll never be particular about your appearance, you poor thing. You could be so nice looking, too."

5. And then: "Oh, Edward, do run and get the buttons out of the medicine chest. There must have been a stain of some kind on this rag and the heat of the iron has transferred it to your coat. No, no, I forgot—the stove is lighted. I can't use benzine. Well, I don't think it's where it'll show much."

6. When you've disregarded axiom one, in geometry in creasing the trousers: when half the coat has a nice, dull finish, where you've used the damp rag, and the other half a beautiful gloss, where you haven't used the rag: when you've stretched the vest so that the space between two buttons more than equals the space between the two corresponding buttons: when you've taken them in and show them. And if the ungrateful wretch doesn't

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"WASN'T it grand, our meeting that famous baseball player, Mr. Magee, at Coney Island?" remarked Mrs. Jarr. "I always did love baseball!" Mr. Jarr regarded her in surprise. "This is news to me," he said. "You never would go to the games with me. As for Lefty Magee, he is not such a much. His arm went back on him and he has been released from his club, and will have to play with some bush team, if he can get any bush team to take him."

"Well, I only know he told us that he had all his speed back, and would pitch better than he ever had," said Mrs. Jarr.

"He's a booze-fighter," said Mr. Jarr. "He'll never come back."

"That's very mean of you," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "Gertrude says he is a perfect gentleman. Gertrude was getting very discontented because Claude, the fireman, and she have had a spat. I think it was very providential that she met Mr. Magee. When a servant girl has a steady beau it keeps her contented in her place. And I do not know what we would do if Gertrude left us again. It is so hard to get a good girl these days."

"I thought you always said Gertrude wasn't a good girl," replied Mr. Jarr.

"She's better than none," said Mrs. Jarr. "And Mr. Magee suits on her and keeps her contented. I wish you wouldn't criticize."

"At this juncture, Gertrude, the Jarrs' light running domestic, who had been under discussion, entered and asked if she might have the afternoon off. As Mr. Magee was to pitch an exhibition game to prove that all his prowess was still at his command."

"You don't know this man, Gertrude," advised Mr. Jarr. "I would be very careful, if I were you."

Gertrude tossed her head and remarked that she was a lady and that Mr. Magee was a gentleman in every way.

"He looks like a booze-fighter to me," said Mr. Jarr, "and that's why he was released from his club. I also heard he was a loafer."

"Where did you hear that?" asked Mrs. Jarr sharply.

Mr. Jarr had heard it in Gus's popular cafe on the corner when he had made some inquiries among the baseball fans who gathered around the ticker there. But he did not

The Dower of Beauty

By Marie Montaigne

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Your Oily Skin Is "Seborrhoea."

DON'T complain and wall about your oily skin, and vainly try to make powder stick on it in hot weather. The powder won't stick, and nothing you can do, under the impression that the condition is natural, will help you.

Some people imagine that the use of a lot of soap on the oily forehead and face will clear away the trouble. The shine will disappear, true, after a soap scrubbing, but the trouble often will increase with every application of soap. Only pure castile soap should be used.

Have you not noticed that when your face is shiny the forehead is more oily than the rest? And isn't your hair sticky and inclined to fall also? The trouble is a disease that must be checked, or it will thicken, toughen and yellow your skin and enlarge its pores, until your face will be unpleasant to look at. But it can be cured very quickly.

Seborrhoea begins in the scalp and extends downward. The hair roots rot; pimples, blackheads, large glands in the face, all are caused by seborrhoea, and all glands of the skin all become involved. The oily glands become lax and distorted; they cannot retain their secretions, and the oil pours out.

Do not, under any conditions, use strong soap on the face. Use olive oil, meal, bran and ground horse-chestnuts for cleansing purposes. But don't put oil on seborrhoea. Buy a powder to dissolve in the water for hair and face, and then apply a tonic lotion.



FOR OILY AND DRAGGING SKIN